UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Looking for War - - *John Haynes Holmes*

The Function of Liberalism - - - - - - - - - *Arthur L. Weatherly*

Personal Psychology and Ethical Ideals - - - - - - - *George E. O'Dell*

The Need for a World Order - *A. K. Murthuza*

The Study Table

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Three Virtues for These Times

Speaking at the Harvard Commencement in June last, Baron Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, named three personal qualities as virtues needed in these times, as follows:

Humility. If we are educated men with the treasures of the world's thought behind us, we shall not be inclined to over-value ourselves or to claim too much for the work of our hands. Half the troubles of the world today come from arrogance, and arrogance again is largely based on ignorance. It is ignorance and the lack of any sense of proportion that underlie the boast, "We are the people and wisdom shall die with us," the point of view which despises criticism and treats opposition as high treason. There is need today as never before for a manly humility, for the Greek *Aidos,* the scriptural reverence and godly fear, for without humility there can be no true humanity.

Humanity is the second quality. We need a deepened respect for human nature. There can be no such respect in those who would obliterate the personality, and make human beings mere featureless details in the monstrous mechanism of the State. The preachers today of the new ideologies are pedants, and none the less pedants because they are mostly illiterate. They are like the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, trying to force the rich complexity of human nature into shallow categories. We are educated men, therefore we cannot be pedants, and it is our business to fight whatever, for the sake of a narrow theory, would cramp and enslave human nature.

The third and greatest of the qualities is humor. Humor is the best weapon with which to fight pedantry and vainglory and false rhetoric. In a time like the present, when the ties of religion have been sadly relaxed, there is a tendency for popular leaders to exalt themselves into a kind of bogus diety and to think their shallow creeds a divine revelation. The answer to all that sort of folly is laughter. Sir Walter Scott, when he was made to sit for several hours to a sculptor, climbed down at the end from his perch observing that it was "bloody cold work." Wise men will always regard being pedestaled above mankind, not as a dignity or a delight, but as a tribulation, and slightly comic at that.

"Unofficial Indian Legation"

As I sat at a dinner, in honor of Dr. Haridas Muzumdar, listening to the very genuine outpouring of appreciation which was offered so spontaneously, I felt that this young man's talents could, and should be used to the advantage of his nation in an official way; and so, not knowing whether or not such a course was in order, I, nevertheless, asked the Chairman to be allowed to make a suggestion to be transmitted to the India National Congress. The proposal which I was given permission to make was as follows:

(*Continued on page* 32)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXII MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1938 No. 2

EDITORIAL

Curtis W. Reese

NONINTERVENTION

The abandonment of international law and practice in recent years has been going on under the name of nonintervention. The process began in China, although it was not then called nonintervention, with the result that China lost Manchukuo and Japan gained it. Next came Ethiopia, where, after a series of tragic negotiations which left the reputation of Great Britain and France much the worse for wear, Mussolini marched his armies in and took control. In this instance one member of the League of Nations was captured by another member of the League of Nations, while both the League and the Great Powers did nothing effective to prevent a wholesale theft.

In the case of Spain we have an even more complete abandonment of international law and practice. The established international policy has been: (1) to permit a lawful government to secure whatever it needed to stop a rebellion; (2) not to change laws and regulations in the midst of controversies; (3) not to supply rebels with war materials or money; (4) not to allow the use of the territory of a foreign state by the rebels as a base for military expeditions. The policy of nonintervention in Spain is a definite and deliberate violation of international law and practice by the Great Powers in not permitting the legally constituted government of Spain to secure whatever it needed in the way of materials of war to put down a clear-cut rebellion. Both Germany and Italy in a wholesale way have violated international law and practice by supplying the rebels with the means of warfare. Specifically Italy has done so by joining forces with the rebels, furnishing airplanes, men, and war materials which were illegally sent into Spanish territory. Once again a member of the League of Nations was deliberately attacked by another member of the League of Nations, and yet the League, like the Great Powers, did nothing effective to meet this illegal situation.

The United States as well as other countries has committed an unneutral act toward the legally constituted government of Spain by changing, in the midst of a controversy, the regulations long established by international practice. The so-called nonintervention policy is in effect an unneutral act toward the legally constituted government of Spain; and some future Court of Arbitration should and well may assess damages against the Great Powers, including the United States.

In Spain today, as no where else in the world, the forces of Fascism on the one hand and of democracy on the other are met in a terrific combat, the outcome of which may well determine for a long time to come the future of democratic society. Yet the legally constituted government of Spain is being handicapped in every possible way by the international connivance of forces basically hostile to the democratic aspirations of the Spanish people. And the illegal forces are being assisted by the Fascist countries and by the Fascist elements in other countries.

Despite almost insuperable difficulties and under devastating attacks, the Spanish people have fought heroically, and the government still stands. What the outcome will be we cannot predict with much accuracy. If the Loyalists win, they will owe no thanks to the Great Powers; if Franco wins and if the scourge of Fascism sweeps over all Europe, the so-called democratic Powers will have no one but themselves to blame.

SOCIAL GROUP WORK

The term group work is one that has only recently come into general use. It was not until the Montreal Conference of Social Workers, in 1935, that group work was given recognition on the program as a division comparable in importance to case work, health service, and community organization. Since that time a number of committees in various parts of the country have attempted to clarify and coordinate the miscella-

neous purposes and programs that make up the activities of settlements, neighborhood groups, Y's, and other similar agencies.

Group work may be defined as the process of developing persons by means of the interplay of personalities in group situations. Without this or some similar clear-cut understanding of what the group work agencies aim to do, we may run around in circles but we shall never reach our goals.

The primary assumptions underlying this understanding of the nature of group work are (1) that methods should be determined by the objectives to be achieved; (2) that objectives should be determined in the light of a clear-cut, comprehensive social philosophy; (3) that group work philosophy should be based on objectively determined facts regarding the actual needs of people, including that of the privacy of experience, as well as that of the interplay of personalities in group situations; and (4) that the program from nursery to adult cultural activities should be illumined and guided by the goal of voluntary coöperation of intelligent individuals in a free society as the aim and end of human effort.

More specifically, group work agencies need to clarify their objectives that relate to the social experience of individuals. Among these objectives I would give first place to these:

(1) The development of tolerance by planned contacts of a casual nature with persons and groups of diverse cultural and racial backgrounds—without which tolerance democratic society offers no hope for a distraught world.

(2) The development of sympathetic understanding by means of first-hand experience in play and study with persons and groups with which integration is not even sought.

(3) The development of consideration for others by means of *limited* association with persons and groups that labor under peculiar handicaps. Group work agencies should make some special provision for maladjusted persons; it should not exclude them from its program.

(4) The development of aspiration by contact with persons and groups representing achievements that are socially valuable. This is one of the justifications of having residents in settlements.

(5) The development of gentility by means of social experience in appropriate settings. To this end settlements should beautify and dignify their plants as effectively as funds will permit.

It is my feeling that any program which fails to develop, in the lives of persons, tolerance and sympathy, consideration and aspiration, as well as gentility and graciousness, fails in its chief excuse for existence,—irrespective of whatever else it may do in the way of meliorating human needs or integrating persons into groups.

There are, also, objectives relating to the more intimate group experience of the individual which should be kept clearly in mind. Among them:

(1) The development of primary loyalties of a kind that readily become inclusive of secondary groups; that is to say, the kind of family loyalty that is of greatest social value is that which is so understood and practiced that it may readily expand to include other groups with which the individual has his secondary relationships.

(2) The development of a readiness to form new groups for special purposes, together with willingness to dissolve such groups when they shall have fulfilled their purpose. It is well known that the world is full of groups which, however valid may have been their function in times past, have long since ceased to be of vital significance in the life of the present day. The world still awaits the development of effective means of dispatching group organizations that have outlived their usefulness.

(3) The development of facility in passing with ease from group to group. One of the chief marks of a developed personality is the ease with which he passes from group to group and the intelligence with which he functions in these various groups. In other words, I am advocating the development of an attitude which minimizes the significance of groups as such. Persons do not exist for groups. Groups exist for persons. Ability to stand alone when necessary, even in opposition to the group, is a primary virtue.

Another objective relating to the group experience of the individual, and one which group work agencies need to rethink, is the development of confidence in expert leadership in contrast with the so-called natural leaders. It is still thought by many in the group work field that the best leadership for groups is that which is indigenous, and is drafted by the group; that which can appeal to the tendency of the group itself; that can characteristically express the group. In contrast with this allegedly "natural leader," it is said that the professional is extraneous to the group; that he must be grafted on; that he appeals to tendencies outside of the group; that he impresses the group instead of expressing it.

It is my opinion that this philosophy is inadequate for anything other than the most temporary and limited objectives. An expert leader may be able at times to make some use of the so-called "natural leader"; but dependence in any large way upon anything other than the most expert leadership that it is possible to secure, is to leave individual attitudes and social situations in their naturally chaotic condition, and to fail in the larger problem of developing attitudes and creating social situations that are based on objectively determined needs of the persons involved.

A final division is that of objectives relating to social attitudes and action. In so far as the facilities and

the staff of a group work agency permit, the program should deliberately plan:

(1) The development of a sense of joy in community undertakings by means of participation in gala and festive neighborhood occasions. America especially needs to slough off its sombre and funereal raiments and learn how to participate in occasions that bring joy and gladness, release and festivity into the lives of people.

(2) The development of a disposition to examine the prevailing social structure and to participate constructively in its re-making.

(3) The development of a scientific attitude in the study of social problems and the use of human values in appraising social programs.

(4) The development of a sense of responsibility for community well-being by means of participation in projects, the results of which actually make an observable difference in the safety or the character or the beauty of the community. There are few things that give greater exhilaration of spirit than the consciousness of having actually taken part in a community improvement, the results of which can be seen in the physical situation.

(5) The development of critical and creative citizenship by means of study, discussion, and participation in groups that call in question the established order or portray the kind of social order that should be, involving the examination of the causes of existing conditions and the resources and instrumentalities available for the bringing about of improved conditions.

(6) The development of appreciation and knowledge of corporate life and a will to share in its activities and obligations. How can government be trusted to persons who have no knowledge and appreciation of corporate life and no desire to participate in it?

(7) The development of a sense of social heritage and of the significance of present behavior for the future of mankind. Youth should be taught that tomorrow depends on both today and yesterday.

(8) The development of planetary-mindedness by means of study and experience that cross both natural and artificial lines of demarcation between racial, religious and national groups, and that point toward a coöperative world order.

These objectives of social group work, if taken seriously, would lead to a keener appreciation of settlements and neighborhood houses as *institutes* for the development of attitudes and characteristics that lend themselves to the building of complete citizenship in a democratic society. So long as such institutions are thought of by the wider community simply in terms of meliorating and salvaging agencies they cannot and should not expect to receive the community support that is necessary to maintain them on an adequate basis.

It should be added that the objectives of group work agencies are intimately tied up with successful case work. The objective of case work is to adjust the individual to his environing situation in such a way as to enable him to re-create his environment to meet his needs. But since the individual's environment includes many groups, to some of which he is related in various ways, the case worker finds himself at once in the midst of group situations. And the group worker frequently finds individuals who do not readily respond to group work techniques and who require special individual attention. It is obvious, therefore, that the techniques of these two types of social work are supplementary and that good social work requires familiarity with both. Just as group work needs to be freed from too exclusive association with recreation, so does case work need to be freed from its too exclusive association with abnormal problems. Both group and case techniques are available for use in the ordinary situations of social life; and both, if properly understood and practiced, will be found of permanent value in any sort of society of which the mind of man has as yet conceived.

The group work agencies must enlarge their purposes and objectives if they are to become dominant forces in the building of a larger society for larger personalities.

To the Hebrews

As Truth, within a crystal globe is seen
By one who holds the secret or desire,
So busy lives of earnest Jews inspire
The hearts of honest folk who are not mean
Or prejudiced by bigots' lies, or green
With envy's unrequited dreams. In dire
And faithful toil, the Jewish youth acquire
A skill by which their talents grow more keen.
No strength is spared, no time considered long
Or self-denial great—if diligence
Can weave a masterpiece of nobleness.
In scientific field—in art—or song,
They give to all the world their eloquence.
Salute! To you whose works so greatly bless!

BEULAH SWEETSER.

To a Talented Afro-American

Since knowing you, I have blessed your brave laughter,
Your bright disregard of ills that come after!
With hatred around you,
Contempt against you,
Barriers before you,
Whatever you do,
You meet these scorns with a brave, bright laughter!
God *will* vindicate you, some time to come after—
Our prejudice slay,
Rive barriers away,
And the fool's hand stay.
—Soon be that day!
Let the world proudly honor (in time to come after)
You great-souled people, who meet scorn with laughter!

PEARL G. PHILBRICK.

Looking for War*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I.

Where is this war that everybody is talking about? In the newspapers obviously—and, I fear, in the chancelleries. In spite of Mr. Runciman's visit to Prague and the faithful manner in which he is discharging the exacting duties of his mission, the English have been full of disturbing rumors and alarms. Just now the German army maneuvers are causing deep and widespread unrest—and no wonder, for they constitute the equivalent of just such a mobilization of armed forces as precipitated the Great War of 1914. A few days ago a return of Premier Chamberlain to London in interruption of his vacation in Scotland, ostensibly to see his physician, was the basis of disturbing reports of dangerous developments on the Continent. A return of Premier Daladier to Paris, under somewhat similar conditions and at about the same time, shook France with apprehension. So delicate is the balance of affairs in Europe that it registers, like the needle of a seismograph, the slightest tremor in any corner of the Continent. Yet when one forgets the newspapers or does not read them, and wanders away into some charming rural landscape or to some exciting scene of history, nothing seems more remote, unreal, than this possibility of war.

Certainly there was no war or rumor of war in Devon on that lovely day when we traversed the highways and by-ways of the Doone country. The sky was never more blue, the fields more peaceful, the mists more magical upon the far horizon of sea and mountain. As we rode mile after mile through the blossoming hedge-rows, climbed the long slopes of the heathered moors, gazed far across the fertile acres of pasture or planted soil, counted the myriad sheep and cattle, I could think of nothing but William Blake's great poem about building "the new Jerusalem" in "England's green and pleasant land." Brigands have ravaged this countryside with violence and murder, as we are reminded by Blackmore's immortal romance of *Lorna Doone*. Crumbling castles of medieval days and the empty sites of old baronial halls bring alive again the memories of days when men fought and killed in foolish battles for glory, fame, or power. But it is generations now, even centuries, since the sword and torch despoiled these downs and dales, and to look upon them on a summer's day is to dream for a few happy moments that war is no more here upon this earth, to worry and confound mankind. These farmers in the thatched cottages, these busy women in the village streets, these children playing by the "waters" or under the great trees, the people of a landscape dowered with plenty and touched with beauty—why should they know havoc again, or be summoned to wreak havoc on others of their kind across the seas?

There seemed no war, nor prospect of war, on that dreamy day when we were in Oxford. I had never seen the lawns of the various colleges so green, or so well cared for. I noticed particularly that there was a good deal of repair work going on in the city streets and on many of the buildings. The "grey spires" lifted themselves against the "pearl-grey sky" with indescribable serenity. There seemed an assurance not only of ages gone but also of ages to come in these ancient halls with their echoes of the footsteps of scholars walking through a thousand years in quest of knowledge of the deep things of mind and spirit. I visited Jowett's Balliol again, gazed on Magdalen Tower and sauntered in Addison's Walk by the quiet stream, sat before the altar of St. Mary's, stood uncovered before the Bodleian, and with the drawing on of evening listened to the bells of the colleges that had thus rung for centuries. One could not think of fighting in this place, nor believe that strife and hate and lust were real. Even the tablets bearing the names of the men dead in the war of 1914-1918 seemed to bring memories as far away and thus remote as the Martyrs' Monument, telling of the burning of Cramner, Lattimer, and Ridley in the market place. These things had happened once, but would not again. Such ages of blood and horror were gone forever!

Not even on the flying fields of Croydon and LaBourget was there any suggestion of that "next war" which is to fill the skies with squadrons of bombing planes "raining down a ghastly dew" upon the scattered multitudes of earth—upon their cities, their ports and market places, even their churches, schools, and homes. The supreme terror of modern war is now become the airplane. What is going on almost daily in Spain and China is a kind of prophecy of the horrors awaiting us if, and when, the nations of Europe grapple on the modern field of Armageddon. This Armageddon will be first proclaimed, perhaps by the sudden swoop of hundreds of laden planes upon Prague or Paris or London. Then will come the answer—while the structure of this whirling world trembles and shakes as in the throes of some final earthquake. To see an airplane—just to imagine one—is to be beset by nightmare agonies of dreadful days to come. Yet here on these flying fields were no intimations of winged death. We flew from London to Paris, then changed planes at La Bourget for Geneva. As we left the French plane which had carried us at 200 miles an hour across the English channel, we were led to the Swiss plane which was to bear us high above the Jura range of mountains to the international capital on Lake Leman. And there, just between these planes, was a great German plane poised for Berlin, with an enormous black swastika upon her looming tail. This machine of Nazi prowess and ingenuity had been received as hospitably, tended as carefully, guarded as scrupulously, as any other. Here were the arts of peace at their very best! We thought of this again when, the next day, Field Marshal Goering sent to the Air Minister in Prague what must in decency be assumed to be a message of condolence on the dreadful disaster to a Czechoslovakian plane which had smashed and burned the bodies of sixteen passengers and a crew of four. Where is war in episodes of this kind?

Here in Switzerland I can detect no thought, nor even expectancy, of war in the life that surges about me in this stupendous panorama of lake and mountain. Tourists are everywhere—in the hotels, on the trains, on all the familiar trails of sightseeing and adventure. There are comparatively few Americans, but many

*The next issue of UNITY will contain Dr. Holmes' second travel letter.

English and Dutch, some French, and apparently a German here or there. These tourists are a merry lot—traveling in family groups, wrapped up devotedly in one another, jovial, noisy, excited, and apparently carefree. We sit and look at them, my daughter and I, and marvel at their happy faces and their passionate love of the out-of-doors. We watch especially to see how they get along with one another, and can note nothing but courtesy and good will. That very foreign gentleman—what was his nationality?—who knew no English, yet so graciously assisted the English husband and wife on the long journey to the Jungfraujock, surrendering his window, lending his glasses, all because he had been here once before! How associate war with these hearty human scenes? Is this not *real* life—more real than anything to be heard in chancellories, or seen in drilling fields or munitions factories?

II.

To travel from city to city, even from country to country, and see the scenes and talk with the people, is to feel the atmosphere of peace and sweet accord. There is no war in the hearts of the farmers and the workers, the herdsmen in the pastures, the guards on the railroads, the clerks in the shops and the concierges in the hotels—no plotting and planning of war, no interest in war, least of all any desire for war. Yet—scratch the surface, stir a bit the waters of that quiet repose which is the atmosphere of the day's work and play, and straightway is uncovered a *fear of war* which is the most startling and appalling fact of this present age. It is like a man, apparently healthful in appearance and cheerful in temper, who is carrying about with him at every moment of every hour the fear of a cancer which is devouring his flesh and will some day destroy him in a final agony of death.

There was that railway porter, for example, at Exeter where we had gone to see the ancient cathedral and to tour the landscape of Devonshire. I asked him if there were as many Americans in England as usual. "No, sir—there be'n't so many as last year at this time." I explained that many Americans had cancelled their passages on the steamers, changed their plans about going abroad, when there came the first great scare over Czechoslovakia the end of May. "You know," I said, "we Americans are scared to death over the next war. We don't want to get caught over here when the big explosion comes." The porter was a husky fellow, in his forties and perhaps moving toward his fifties. As I spoke, he seemed to grow weak, and shrink in upon himself. "Ay, sir," he said. "I knows how you feel. It's the same in England. I was in the last war, and had enough. I don't want to see another, sir. I don't know what we'd do."

There was that woman in Oxford—the old and chatty caretaker of the Sheldonian Theatre. She had bright eyes, a warm smile, a busy tongue that loved to tell the tales of days gone by. When I had signed the register and she had seen that I was an American—she probably knew it long before I scrawled "New York" after my name!—she began reeling off the names of the distinguished Americans whom she had seen crowned with Oxford degrees in this famous hall. Joseph H. Choate, Theodore Roosevelt, Mark Twain, Oliver Wendell Holmes—she had them all at her tongue's end, and spoke them with a pride which could not have been greater had they been her own fellow-countrymen! I remarked on the colleges in the old town which I had grown to love, referred to the dome of the Bodleian Library, and then said that it was such precious and irreplaceable buildings which we must protect from war, lest they be destroyed forever. The old lady was instantly solemn, and afraid. "Not the buildings," she said, with touching earnestness, "but the lives. Our young men!" "Very true," I retorted, "but these buildings, too! These are the records of man's achievement in the thousands of years gone by. These are the evidence of what he has done, and of what he is. We can't afford to lose them." The old lady listened quietly—she knew what I meant. She had lived her life amid these lovely Oxford halls and she knew full well what they represented in the life of England and of the world. On such a theme she had no mood for controversy, nor in her innate sense of courtesy would she dispute her visitor. Furthermore, the very thought of war ran too deep for disputation. Our ideas were at bottom akin—fear of war, and hatred of it. And so instinctively she prayed. "God grant," she said, reverently, "that there be no war again. It must no' come—it must no'."

Here in Switzerland, amid these hills and lakes, these stupendous mountain peaks and tumbling glaciers, the mere thought of war is a profanation. It is an absurdity, too, for what is man, with all his awful power of destruction as compared with the titanic forces of nature as revealed in these overwhelming crags and precipices? Does that cowherd, bringing in his cattle from the long-sloping pasture lands ever give a thought to war and its incredible modern horrors? In this glowing sunshine, bathing these snow-clad summits in a glory unearthly in its majesty, is there not assurance that the darkness and doom of arms are but as the fleeting shadows of the day? Here would seem to be one high refuge from the world's alarms. What is this country but as a rocky island reared above the foaming seas of a storm-racked continent? Yet even here the invasion of arms has come. The Switzers are afraid. As I looked south from the Gornegrat to the great range of snowy mountain peaks along which runs the Italian frontier, I could see just to the right of the Breithorn the summit of the Theodul Pass, with its Italian custom house. And there, through the telescope, I could make out the great road construction work begun by Mussolini for no other imaginable reason than that of preparation to cross Switzerland in the next war, as the Kaiser invaded Belgium in the last war. As we journeyed on the post-automobile across the great heights of the Grimsell Pass, we came suddenly upon a body of Swiss soldiers engaged in some practice war maneuvers. Clad in full regalia, with rifles and steel helmets, they crouched behind rocks and bushes, now and again rushed across roads and bridges, and always were rat-tat-tatting with machine guns. Army supply wagons were crossing the Pass with us—groups of officers appeared suddenly here and there. And I remembered that the youth of Switzerland are subject to universal military training, and are ready at an instant to fight. Yet speak to any Switzer of war, and he will lift his hands in horror at the prospect.

III.

In no nation on this Continent, in no nation in the world, do the people want war. What nonsense to talk about man as a "fighting animal!" Intoxicate

him with liquor, inflame him with propaganda, poison him with hate, and he will go mad and fight. But even so, when the first wild fury is over, he must be driven to the slaughter—whipped like a slave, conscripted, disciplined, and terrorized, if he is to be kept at the front to kill his fellow-beings in the line of battle. Man "a fighting animal"? Such an idea is fundamentally a misreading of human nature. Man does not want to fight, but only to enjoy the simple pleasures of existence. Work and play, the wife and the children, a home, a little money for some innocent indulgences of impulse, a healthy life, a secure old age—these are the desires of the heart. These people whom I am seeing in various countries of Europe, what do they ask but to be left alone to follow their daily round of duty and to pursue the happiness which each one must enjoy? If war should come tomorrow, we would read in the newspapers of millions of men springing gallantly and exultantly to arms. As a matter of fact, apart from some silly, irresponsible and badly educated youths, the propagandized crowds in the cities, and scattered neurasthenic females, there would not be a man in any country who would not be crushed with woe or stirred to anger, nor a woman who would not be weeping even as Rachel for her children. War is an interruption of man's freedom, an invasion of his dignity, a corruption of his nature, and in the end a destroyer of his life. It is because men know this, that they despise war, hate it, fear it, and would never of their own choice include it in the devices of their hearts. The world as it exists today, the simple folk have never made. They do not recognize it, nor want to claim it. This realm of arms and flags, of wars and rumors of wars, of governments maintaining national interests and defending national honor, is a vile intrusion upon the sweet and lovely things which make up the substance of their natural lives. They have no place for it in their personal economy; they forget about it in their happy enjoyment of the day's labor and recreation; they remember it only as a nightmare which they cannot shake off, and which holds them, consciously or unconsciously, in a tension of anxiety which racks their very souls.

War lies not in the natural elements of man's existence, but in the artificial substance of society in which, as in a machine, the race is caught. It would take a volume to describe the way in which this system of politics and economics has grown through the centuries from a mere tool for the performance of certain common functions necessary to the welfare of the common life, to a vast juggernaut which is threatening momentarily at this hour to crush out the very life of our civilization. The point is that man is not the free agent of his own destruction. There is no depravity, or lust, or even instinct of human nature which is dictating the vast catastrophe of "the next war." This "next war," in other words, will be no act of suicide. It will be a doom inwrought as though by fate in the very processes of man's collective life. Our problem is to find deliverance from these processes—or rather to control and direct them to the beneficent service of mankind. It seems monstrous that Adolf Hitler and Naziism should be leading a great nation of more than sixty millions of men and women to another and more dreadful war than that of 1914. It is no more monstrous than the fact that our American government, when, or if, war comes, will take the free people of this republic straight into this war with which they are not concerned and in which they have no desire to participate. In neither case is a wicked man at the head, or the mass of populous human nature at the bottom, the first cause of what may happen. What is loose in the world is some strange and terrible complex of forces—political, economic, and psychological—which together make for war rather than peace. Alien to every native impulse of the soul, hostile to every higher interest of humanity, these forces yet seem to drive us to the very doom we would escape.

IV.

Yet the situation is not hopeless. We know that man may master what is devouring him, since in various times and places he has already mastered fate. Take this land of Switzerland, for example!

Here are three peoples joined happily into one. The French Switzers, the German Switzers, the Italian Switzers, all are clearly distinguished from one another by the languages they speak. Ride along in the trains, and suddenly you see the signs change before your very eyes from French to German. At the last station on the line, the conductor spoke to you in French, but this new conductor examining your ticket is talking German. France and Germany plunged into a great war in 1914; France and Italy are at this moment waging a fierce passport war which is closing the frontiers to their nationals; Italy and Germany frown at one another at the Brenner Pass, and brandish arms which seem to threaten the long existence of the Rome-Berlin axis. But across the border in Switzerland, French, Germans, and Italians remain quite unperturbed. They have learned how silly are these contentions, and are content to dwell together in harmony.

These cantons of Switzerland were once as hostile to each other as the nations of the European Continent today. They feared and fought, had frontiers to be protected and flags to be honored. Each canton interpreted freedom in terms of its own independence, even alienation, from every other canton. These Swiss mountains were for centuries a little Europe of hatred, bloodshed, and horror. Then came the discovery that these cantons were not really independent at all, but rather mutually dependent. These people learned that the strength of one canton was the strength of all, and the strength of all the strength of one. In Montreux stands the monument celebrating the union of Berne with the Swiss Confederation. Imagine this monument a celebration of the union of Germany (or France or Italy) with a European federation or republic, and you have a picture of what must come about if Europe is not to pass into another Dark Ages.

Our hope is in the peoples; our despair is in governments and empires and dictatorships. The chancelleries and war offices are our doom; the hearts of common folk in every land are our way of deliverance to the new day of peace and brotherhood.

Interlaken, Switzerland.

"The fate of a whole generation hangs on the hour when some saturnine politician shall make the sign, and the nations will rush upon each other."

—*Edouard Rod*

The Function of Liberalism

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Liberalism is an abstract idea; it possesses neither brain nor heart nor feet. Liberals can do things; they are human beings with the power of action. The abstract idea remains an abstract idea. It can no more move than the stone idol carved on the face of the cliff. And yet this idol, symbol of an idea, does move people. Before it men have bowed in reverence and have gone forth to slay the dragon and do great and mighty deeds. The idol never left the face of the cliff, but it had come to mean something that had power over the lives of men.

So liberalism, an ideal, a way of life, a philosophy of conduct, has emerged out of the experience of mankind. It is to be compared to a beautiful Greek goddess. It is the fairest dream that ever emerged from the mind of man. Its loveliness exceeds in beauty anything that man ever carved from stone or wrought in bronze. Liberalism is the delicate lacework of the soul of man projected by his imagination into this hard world; yet it has the toughness of the finest steel, and that endurance of which the prophet spoke when he said, "The word of the Lord shall endure forever."

Some have said that liberalism is too fair an ideal to live in this world of greed and ambition; that it is too high for human attainment. It asks the supreme thing, that *all men* shall have respect for all other men. It means the recognition of the rights of an insignificant minority. It means patience, forbearance and understanding. It calls for self-control; for the use of reason; and, above all, for the ability to sit in judgment over one's own self. He who this day enters the temple of liberalism to dedicate his life to this fair goddess cannot expect to find a life of ease and peace. Men as a whole are impatient beings. The way of liberalism is slow. So upon liberals today is heaped wrath and scorn by those who wish to go fast. The liberal is not always sure. Most men want the voice of authority. The liberal has no dogma. So he is accused of believing nothing. And finally, God has not taken the liberal into his confidence. He cannot say, "I am the vicegerent of God." He cannot announce, "Thus sayeth the Lord God Almighty."

In addition to these difficulties the liberal must reconcile himself to the confusion that comes from the historic fact that the liberalism of yesterday was identified with causes in which today he has no interest.

In spite of all these difficulties, liberalism represents a point of view—an attitude toward life which has beauty and distinction. It has grown out of human experience. It has been tested in the fiery furnace of conflict. It belongs to no one group in society. It is not the exclusive property of a sect, a party, or even a movement which calls itself liberal.

It cannot be identified with any social, political or religious theory. The gates of the temple are never closed. They are open to all sorts and conditions of men. The foundations of the temple of liberalism were laid in the long, long past. The foundation stones were not granite rock but living bodies. Under the ancient temples which now lie in ruins were placed dead bodies—human sacrifices to placate gods of wrath. But into the temple of liberalism there have gone and are still going the living bodies of men and women.

The temple of liberalism can only exist as its foundations and superstructure are continuously renewed by the dedication of life to its service, for liberalism is not static but dynamic.

Liberalism rests on a conception of life as part of a creative process. There is no fixed point about which all life revolves. Out of the human experience revealed in the story of man's upward march has come this ideal of a life which is the basis of the realization of man's worth and dignity. No mere puppet he—but a creative being shaping the destiny of mankind.

The splendor which was Greece is not for us the marble temples now crumbling into ruins, but rather what we call Greek thought. The dramatists of Greece, the philosophers and scientists—Sophocles, Aeschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle—live with us today. They are our companions because through them in large degree came this idea of the worth and dignity of man.

Gilbert Murray in his essay, *The Value of Greece to the Future of the World,* says:

> . . . for that branch of mankind which is responsible for Western civilization, the seeds of almost all that we count best in human progress were sown in Greece. . . . The conception of freedom and justice, freedom in body, in speech and in mind, justice between the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor penetrates the whole of Greek political thought, and was, amid obvious flaws, actually realized to a remarkable degree in the best Greek communities. The conception of truth as an end to be pursued for its own sake, a thing to discover and puzzle one, by experiment and imagination and especially by reason as opposed both to anarchy and to blind obedience, has perhaps never in the world been more clearly grasped than by early Greek writers in science and philosophy.

Justice, brotherhood, truth, freedom, beauty and excellence are Greek ideals. They are the essential ideals for which liberalism stands.

Over against this there is "submission instead of freedom, the deadening or brutalizing of the senses instead of beauty, the acceptance of tradition instead of the pursuit of truth, the belief in hallucination or passion instead of reason and temperate thought. Between these two sets of ideas there is an eternal conflict."

We must choose which of these ideas shall be the one to which we shall give loyal support. Today the issue in the minds of thinking people is clear. The view of life which the Greeks gave the world was submerged for more than seven centuries. A political religious autocracy dominated the minds of men during this long period. Truth was not sought; freedom no longer challenged the thought of man. Submission to authority did its deadly work. But the ideals born out of Greek culture could not be utterly destroyed. For centuries men have struggled to regain these ideals and make them potent in the thought and life of mankind. This is the fundamental significance of every heretical movement that has arisen to protest against the religions of external authority.

So the age-long quest for truth has persisted. Out of the darkness of the night, when the storm clouds have passed, come the stars that guide the mariner on his way. Storms have come and storms will come. Black clouds have and will shut out the stars. But the stars shine on, though shut from human sight.

The ideals of truth, freedom, justice, beauty and excellence are the stars which guide men on the way of life to their higher destiny. No clouds of passion can blot them out forever from man's sky of hope.

The function of liberalism in this storm-ridden world, in which angry clouds are gathering on every horizon, is to keep alive man's faith in these stars. They were created by the minds of men. They are achievements far greater than any material discovery man has ever made. If they should ever fade from man's spiritual eyes, all his material gains will become as dross; for only as these ideals find expression in the life of individuals does life have significance, worth and dignity.

To the spiritual achievements of the Greeks there has been added another conception: that of man as a Creative Being. The old conception of a God outside of man's universe, shaping and directing the lives of his creatures, has been swept aside. Man is seen to be not only a questing being, but also a creative one. The power we call divine, the seminal urge of the universe, the unfathomable mystery whose depth no human mind can plumb, is not outside ourselves but is in ourselves.

> Closer is he than breathing
> Nearer than hands or feet.

This realization does not fill with pride and vanity the mind of him who attains it. He is compelled to bow in deep humility before this beautiful ideal. Something there is in it that purifies and ennobles man. It reveals to him the meaning of Goethe's words:

> If a man think the thought eternal
> He is ever fair and great.

But thinking the "thought eternal" is in itself an entrance upon the creative process.

Questing for the truth and sharing in its revealings—this conception of life, carrying with it the ancient Greek ideals, has come to be for many of us a religion. The old conception based on fear has gone. Man is no longer a stranger in the world. All that is eternal is here and now as well as there and then.

Man cannot escape the procreant urge even though in the words of the Psalmist, he "ascends into the heavens or makes his bed in hell," or "takes the wings of the morning and dwells in the uttermost parts of the sea."

This, to me, is the highest conception of man and his place in the universe that has emerged from the mind of man. It has grown out of the searching, striving, and loving of mankind.

To transmit this ideal, enriched and enlarged, to another generation is a task worthy of the noblest and bravest among us. In far-off Greece this ideal, the ideal of liberalism was born for us of the western world.

Our loyalty and devotion to this ideal lifts us to it, and the ideal draws us to it as a magnet attracts the iron.

The function of liberalism is to keep open the door of the temple of truth, that men and women may find there freedom and beauty. There is no liberalism apart from liberal men and women. If liberalism is to function, it must function through those who sense its eternal beauty.

As a church, we are "dedicated to the transformation and enrichment of individual and social life through religion in accordance with the advancing knowledge and the growing vision of mankind." We, too, belong to that noble company of men who have created for man this faith in himself and his high destiny.

No nobler or higher vision has ever called men and women from low to high estate. The liberal can affirm that he believes man not lost, but a creative being. He can affirm that it is man's destiny to seek justice, freedom and the truth. And finally, he can stand in the presence of the Unfathomable Mystery of Life, reverent and unafraid.

Personal Psychology and Ethical Ideals

GEORGE E. O'DELL*

How do we distinguish between a right action and a wrong one? Surely, it is sometimes said, if a man's heart is pure, if he *wants* really to do the right, his head tells him what the right is. And that is true in a great many cases. But ask him how his head knows—and what will he reply? Replies will differ—or he may not be able to answer at all: he just *knows*. And that serves him until he comes upon some problem in his life which involves a choice among several "rights," several conflicting duties, or where the choice is between evils; he cannot move any way without possibly doing *some* harm. How is he to decide then? What is the true touchstone, or, to use the current term, the proper "yardstick" by which to measure the rightness of a course of conduct?

Let me state a practical case and illustrate the occurrence of moral puzzles. The great English soldier, Herbert Horatio, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, had the reputation among people who did not know him of being a woman-hater. Really (though he was rather a terrifying person!) he had deep and lasting affections. There were the two little old maiden ladies, unrelated to him, whom he loved and to whom he used to bring home all his medals, decorations, and trophies from abroad. There was Mary Leiter of Chicago, afterwards Marchioness Curzon, and vicereine of India, who became Kitchener's close friend, perhaps the best friend he ever had. And there was the girl whom as a young man he wanted to marry, to whom he proposed many times but who continued to refuse him. She loved him, but her mother insisted that if her daughter left her to marry anybody at all, she, the mother, would destroy herself. The girl stayed with her mother. How did she decide that her mother, a well-off but apparently most selfish and arbitrary person, came first? Of course we do not know. But how would *you* decide—and what would be your yardstick?

There are in ethical speculation about what really makes right *right* three main tests—and the proponents of each declare it to be the fundamental one. Students of ethics are used to label them Duty, Happiness, Per-

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fection. Morality, say the champions of the first, is a matter of a law, a command; it does not depend on consequences. God Almighty, or the Human Conscience, says "Thus shalt thou act, or not act," and that is the beginning and end of the matter. But, say the champions of Happiness, not so. The thunders of Sinai may be but a legend; historic commands may be fallible; the individual conscience may err. How can you know what is right except by calculating consequences? Duty, yes, but your duty is to promote the greatest possible happiness for the greatest possible number, treating yourself as entitled to happiness only as you promote right consequences by furthering the well-being of others. Ah, says the third sort of moral philosopher, but how can you calculate consequences? You can only guess! And results may prove very different from what you could foresee. No, your moral business is character—to make yourself the finest kind of person you can, and to obey commands or promote the good of others because thereby you become conscious of a growing inner betterment. You are yourself the final test of your conduct. Are you more Christlike? Are you more of a good American, or a good Citizen of the World? What do you become? That is the thing.

Well, we do not know how Lord Kitchener's "girl-friend" decided—though it looks as though one of the Ten Commandments had something to do with it. But suppose she was thinking of consequences—and decided that Kitchener's and her own happiness weighed light as compared with that of her mother, which her mother (probably quite illusorily) supposed to be wholly bound up with the daughter's continued presence and devotion. And now let us imagine that the young woman could have carried the consideration of results further. Suppose she could have foreseen poor Kitchener, on the edge of old age, idolized by the British public, the builder of England's great armies between 1914 and 1916, yet fundamentally an unhappy man, because he was a man without the wife he wanted and a home. Moved from post to post in the Empire, in South Africa, Egypt, India, he had never had a fixed abiding place. Now he craved one desperately for his last years. He bought a great house, and set out to alter, decorate, and furnish it. And he began to go a little out of his mind about it. His biographers seem strangely to have missed the significance of an extraordinary development: while still War Secretary, with England wrestling terribly with her foes, he spent his week ends (as did other statesmen) visiting in the great country houses—and there, when he saw some picture, some piece of furniture, that took his fancy, he would tell his host or hostess how lovely that would look in his own as yet half-furnished home. He would hint that they give it to him. And the word had to be passed around in the circles where he moved not to pay attention to this pitiable begging. Suppose the girl of his youth could have seen that consequence—could have seen her lifelong lover in his final days at last pathetically creating the nest which he had longed to share with her. Well, perhaps at any rate she would not, when her mother long after died, have married another man! But the question is: could she with such foreknowledge have known which item of unhappiness to circumvent—Kitchener's inevitable breakdown for want of the affection and home roots he craved, or the hysterical misery of her mother? Again I ask, how would *you* decide? Which yardstick would you apply? Would you fall back on the Fifth Commandment? Or struggle to estimate how to do the most kindness and the least mischief? Or say to yourself: If I stand by my mother I shall be better satisfied with my own soul—or if instead I shift my devotion to this noble man and save him from a secret wretchedness I shall that way be the worthier person? Which?

And please do not expect me to tell you. We are going now to move over into the sphere of religious psychology. A great deal of study has been done in this connection, ever since Edwin Diller Starbuck wrote his still invaluable book *The Psychology of Religion.* At any rate in many Christian circles—and there is evidence of its holding good more or less in all religions, Christian and otherwise—the ideas and mental images of childhood with regard to religion have later to be revised. Just as we reach a point where we must rethink our parents and set our ideas of them into our more mature conception of the social world, so in religion changes are made. God is no longer an elderly gentleman up in the clouds; he is to be worshipped "in spirit and in truth." With the break-up of childish notions in favor of grown-up ones, there is often a period of "storm and stress," and of inner misery because of not knowing just what to believe. And this occurs most among those who long to live by ideals. For a while, having begun perhaps by doubting many or most of the religious concepts taught them in Sunday School or even at their mother's knee, they find themselves all at sea as to whether the moral principles also taught them have any real validity, and must be followed even when doing so causes the doer pain.

It may be that they have met with scientific conceptions of the universe, and become doubtful of miracles. Did the sun stand still for Joshua? Did the whale swallow Jonah? Did Jesus rise physically from the dead? And it is surprising how many in these days do not settle such questions with an affirmative or a negative, but just put them on the shelf. But all have to go on living. And if they are serious-minded, they must at least have ideals of conduct that they are committed to and do not doubt, or life becomes a cheap and merely worldly thing.

There are apparently three main gates through one or another of which struggling young souls are likely to find their way out of the morass of doubt and of difficulty as regards the worth of ideals. In Professor Starbuck's chapter on "The Motives and Purposes of Adult Life" we find psychology and ethics mingling in a surprising way—though Starbuck does not himself draw attention to the fact. All his maturing subjects, chiefly college students, in the course of questioning were asked: "What would you now be and do if you realized all your ideals of the higher life?" And he says that the answers "seem to show in one way or another three great tendencies of growth." We find that some, while waiving the question about Jonah and the whale, or what not, fall back on the idea of Law. They feel an inner command never to disregard an objective call to duty, but to do what they have been taught to do, to follow the Decalogue, or to obey the best rules that the experience of mankind and the wisdom of the seers have formulated for the guidance of the world. Then there are those who, whatever their past or continuing doubts, will say: "I don't know, but I do see an awful lot of pain in the world, and I'm not going to

add to it; indeed, I want to make people happy—I want to radiate sunshine." And a third sort of young person says: "I don't know about Jonah, and I don't know about the Virgin Birth; but I do see that Jesus was an utterly lovely character, and I mean to be as like him as I can." Or it may be a father or mother or teacher or friend or some character in history or fiction that is set up as a pattern.

First are those who want to curb all inner waywardness and bring their lives into harmony with ideal precepts thought of as dictated from outside the self and worked over into an inner mode of being. Second, there are those who crave a life of unselfish service. Third, there are those who want to *"be* good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever!"

Here we have three more or less persistent temperaments, and what seems to be revealed is that the yardsticks of ethics are none of them final because really they are not logical but psychological; they are expressions of character. And they serve variously in the coöperative economy of mankind's diverse life. Some day perhaps the moral philosophers will reach agreement,—they will formulate a rule for moral choice which shows the real end that underlies all our strivings to do right. But I suggest, to the philosophers, that it will be a formulation which includes in some convincing fashion all the attitudes which are great expressions of moral temperament, of personal psychology.

In the meantime, how far should we follow our own leadings? All types of moral character have their peculiar danger. When Starbuck's young people say, "I would bring great happiness to all with whom I am brought in contact," or "I should like to do favors for people, even for those for whom I do not care," or "My highest desire is to make others happy by ministering to their needs," we have a moral outlook which may produce the dedicated medical nurse or social worker, or the consecrated mother of a good and happy family; but also it may run to sloppy sentimentality, the spoiling of others, carelessness about the severer finenesses of character, the fostering of good nature at the expense both of the real moral needs of others and of one's own self-respect. Or there are those who so love duty for its own sake that the waters of temptation may beat in vain against them, yet who nevertheless may become self-righteous, censorious, a terror to the weaker brethren rather than a saving help. Then the perfectionists—who ordinarily are deeply conscious of their shortcomings, and fasten their thoughts on some personal, self-regarding ideal—also may readily fall into, let us say, excessive watchfulness, or they may become mechanical disciplinarians, or even mere self-conscious prigs.

We all have to face not only our own personal psychology but also our characteristic deficiencies; and we should have respect for temperaments and for moral yardsticks different from our own. The fact of temperament is a blessed fact, a source of strength. Not only is moral experience varied and enriched by it, but great trends of moral purpose in the world may need it for their accomplishment. We must have, for instance, some whose strength goes to making gladness; others who awe men into reverence for moral law; others whose simple beauty of life helps sweeten that of all.

Not only this, but familiarity from childhood with all moral touchstones increases ethical insight and readiness. To think sometimes, at the right times, of self-discipline; to think often of the joy of others because it makes for sanity and health; to further the fine trends of social progress; to be ready, when ultimate consequences are not clear enough to provide a clue, to fall back on the most immediate call of duty; and with it all to give one's own temperament rein when some moral exigency can only thus be transformed from bad to better—this would seem a wise use of the various maxims of ethics, and of one's own personal power. To have learned to move easily, though open-eyed, among the historic formulations of the meaning of right conduct is a protection against any mere private vagary of one's own mind.

The wise man, then, will see that in the growing complexity of life a variety of touchstones for right decisions is helpful. Of course the moral philosophers will insist on their logical claim that in the end there can be only one *summum bonum,* one highest good, which ethical conduct should serve, even though they may disagree as to what that highest good is. But we are talking in terms of psychology. And in such terms it is plain that there are situations in which the disinterested individual will find himself unable to make up his mind except by choosing the test which seems easiest to apply to a given situation—or which is most in accord with his own nature.

And speaking of moral situations prompts our taking yet another look at the plight of the young lady of Lord Kitchener's choice. I said I would not attempt myself to say what she ought to have done. Nor, indeed, should you. For how can we put ourselves in her place unless first we know all about it? Every moral situation is different from every other, and, with apologies to the champions of the idea of plain duty and of an obvious moral law, in practical fact our yardsticks are "rules of thumb." Their application differs from case to case. This does not mean that there are no stable moral ideas, that there is no rock under our feet, nothing but shifting sand of mere habit and custom. We know that we ought not to murder and ought not to steal, and ought not to bear false witness, and that we should honor our parents and "love one another." But these rules need definition, and the definition changes, grows, as we get increasing insight into the meaning of the rules in relation to human life, as that also changes and grows in complexity. And, as I say, moral situations differ. To advise the daughter in our illustrative case, we should have to know a great deal about her mother, and also about herself, not to mention Kitchener! And which yardstick we should eventually apply, if indeed in the end we had to select only one, would depend greatly on the girl's own character—what she could best understand, what would be likely to bring her most peace of mind in the end. For instance, that seemingly she had not Kitchener's lifelong loyalty, and in middle life shifted her affections to another, suggests a sort of character that might be known only to an intimate friend, and would have to be taken into account by that friend if called on to think what would perhaps be best both for the lady, for her mother—and for Kitchener.

So I am suggesting that we think out what we would do not if we were in this lady's shoes, for they are not at hand for us to try to get into them, but what we would do if a similar situation, similar only in outward appearance, but internally full of subtle differences, were to happen to be our own. What would appeal most as a guiding light—some precept of duty, some addition to the sum of the world's happiness, or

a feeling that if you acted this way or that you would just hate yourself, and out of respect for your own character you must choose otherwise?

This is not to say that the intimate friend, or some priest, minister or rabbi, or even some consulting psychologist, or doctor, or lawyer, of deep human sympathy and wide experience could not help towards a decision. But this must be made eventually by the person whose problem it mainly is. That is one of the terrors of life, but also one of its opportunities. For, unless one is a weakling of the feeblest kind, the decision will be a manifestation of one's peculiar strength, one's personal psychology, one's own temperament.

And this may well bring us to a final consideration. Let me reiterate my conviction that *all* moral yardsticks count, that we should use them all, that we should try to develop a rich moral consciousness rather than be content with a narrow one; but that incidentally we should be very charitable (unlike some of the moral philosophers!) in our attitude towards the ethical judgments and the personal characters of others. For, like ourselves, they are what they are—though subject to the impact of new ideas and new influences. Looking at our own problems, we should see them as calling for decisions made only after all touchstones known to us have been applied. We should reverence the highest traditions of duty known to mankind, without letting ourselves be enslaved by the past; we should seek to promote joy in the world, and assuage pain, but not without a recognition of the worth whether of self-sacrifice or of Spartan self-control; we should set ourselves a pattern of character towards which, in all humility, we hope and strive to grow.

And in this last regard, we should not be afraid of the word Perfection. Neither awe at the sublimity of moral law, nor pity for the frailties of poor humanity both in others and ourselves, should hide from us the possibilities and the practical worth of the third great yardstick. Perfection? How can we be perfect? Are we not poor, murky-minded creatures all? Yet we can have our moments of perfection, which may build themselves into our permanent lives.

For if that young person of whom we have spoken so much, having looked at her problem fixedly and patiently, and having brought to bear upon it the very best understanding she could, had in the end decided, as not improbably she did, not what would best please herself, but rather what seemed to be the only right thing to do in the particular moral situation, then had not her will, her character, for the moment achieved perfection? Someone else might be more intelligent, some omniscient and supremely wise deity might have been able to foresee all consequences and indicate a different decision—but even God Almighty could not manifest a purer will.

At least sometimes we touch the skirts of Perfection—when we do what seems right, even at a sacrificial cost. Such an experience should not puff anybody up; but it should give one heart. For the depths of moral personality are revealed. One's best moments can be made a yardstick for one's own life. What one has done, one obviously can do; and the craving for character perfection, though never to be satisfied, can be linked up with the love of duty, the sense of responsibility, and with the effort to help create a happier world.

The Need for a World Order

A. K. MURTHUZA

At the present time, our social, religious, above all, our administrative, political, national, and international institutions are all top-heavy things. The various branches of human institutional sciences are lopsided developments.

The top-heavy system has been the cause of civil, national, and international strife. Armchair politicians, armchair administrators, and armchair collaborators, who have no touch with the real life and conditions of the masses or even of the classes, are at the helm of affairs, holding the reins of the destinies of people. They can never guide us aright for they do not seem to know what is right, or perhaps they ignore that.

In our present-day system, the man who toils the livelong day and supplies food and clothing to the nation himself lives in starvation and nakedness. While the people for whom he works and gives his all, run to Ooty, Ranchi, or Darjeeling, to Switzerland, Budapest, California, or Algiers, for health and pleasure, he himself dies of starvation and slow consumption, either on the field, or in the factory. The universal, natural, and elementary principle of "live and let live" so that you are allowed to live, is ignored, and hence the problem of the "haves" and the "have-nots." The aggrandizing man of accidental strength and wit and the exploited man of weakness and simplicity—the same problem extended from the individual to families and so on to society and the nation, is the demoniacal problem threatening the world. This is the cause for family feuds, social struggles, civil and national revolts, and international warfares. How sad it is that humanity, as a whole, since the days of Adam and Eve has not yet learned to live. Wars after wars have been fought until the Great War, from the horrors and devastating influences of which the world has not yet recovered. But once again today the atmosphere is seething with war preparations. Every nation is speeding up in the race for armaments. From statistics it is found that the world has now ten times as much war material as at the time of the last war and the war which might break out threatens to be ten times as big and as terrible and as cruel as the last world war. Well, where will this all end?

A comprehensive survey of the history of recent wars will show us that not much has been gained through them. In fact, wars—by destroying one section of humanity and human institutions—have deterred the world's march towards progress.

Perhaps, no sane thinker can evade the dilemma, "to war, or not to war." Certain nations of the world have aggrandizingly occupied vast lands of the globe, whereas certain other nations, put to the necessity of expansion, find themselves wedged in. Japan has overgrown its boundaries,

so have Italy and Germany. These countries want colonies for their increasing millions. According to the ethics of the time, and in the light of other nations' encroachments and of past history, they have the right to hope, ask for, and even to fight for expansion. The only course left to them is to fall upon their weaker neighbors, much to the envy and fright of those nations who are anxious to hold the balance of power. The consequential thing is war; and war which might ensue between two nations may develop into a world war, because of the present-day conditions of interrelations. There are other countries, too, like Switzerland, Belgium, Poland, Finland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, which are also facing the problems of existence, and they are working hard for self-sufficiency schemes. But, perhaps, all the countries, as individual entities in themselves, will not be able to attain self-sufficiency, owing to unequal distribution of nature's productive resources. In the days of old, when populations were limited and life's necessities small, few, and easily acquirable, there could have been self-sufficiency. But now we have outgrown our cradles. Industrialization, rationalization, and world-wide trade and commerce, regardless of our belonging to different parts of the globe, have linked us up together. The whole world through its interrelations has begun to be one family. The knowledge that any kind of war in any part of the world would mar the progress and upset the balance of the globe should be enough to prevent us from taking recourse to war. The time has come for us to consider this problem seriously, sanely and rationally. We have to think deeply about the situation, and devise means so that the world family can live amicably, comfortably, peacefully, and joyfully. The time has come to overhaul all the top-heavy human institutions, remodel them on sound foundations, and establish a world-wide new sociological order. The time has come for all the politicians of the world to set aside their hypocrisies, diplomacies, and policies, and to meet and devise a new system which solves all ills and problems. The politicians and philosophers, with their knowledge of human nature and human institutions, should realize that their advocacy of narrow patriotism, aggressive nationalism, and war is detrimental to progress and civilization.

The Study Table

Church and Society

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND THE MODERN STATE. *By Nils Ehrenstroem,* 158 *pp. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Company.* $1.50.

CHRISTIAN HOPE FOR WORLD SOCIETY. *By John T. McNeill.* 278 *pp. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Company.* $2.50.

Dr. Ehrenstroem's book is one of the "Oxford Conference" series of publications on the subject of "Church, Community, and State." The author states his general thesis in these words:

> Once again the claim is being advanced that the state is the ultimate aim and center of gravity of human life. Once again we see unmistakably the tendency of the state, inherent in it by reason of its unique authority, toward absolute sovereignty and all-embracing totality. . . . . The general uncertainty and confusion of tongues . . . . have made it imperative to reëxamine the traditional teaching on the subject [of church and state] and to reformulate it afresh, from the Christian point of view, on the firm foundations of faith.

From the more, may we say, "academic," continental point of view as opposed to the more pragmatic viewpoint of American theological scholarship, the author then proceeds to interpret the historical relationship of church and state, bringing to bear upon his task the wide experience of one who, both as research scholar and as active participant in the present-day ecumenical church movement, has had wide opportunity of acquainting himself with his subject.

The liberal churchman will find himself in thorough disagreement with much in Dr. Ehrenstroem's approach, e. g., his conventional concept of the church, and therefore with many of his conclusions; no one, however, will deny his mature scholarship, his moral earnestness, and his material contribution to this vexing problem of present-day church life, and surely every friend of the church will fully agree with him when towards the close of the book he states that "Christian unity is imperative" for any attempt toward solution of the problem. Incidentally, this "imperative" of Dr. Ehrenstroem seems to have received small encouragement by the recent conference of the World Council at Utrecht.

The burden of Prof. John T. McNeill's impressive volume, *Christian Hope for World Society,* expressed in the author's own words, is "the Christian social hope, the story of the ideals and expectations for human society of leading Christian minds since the age of the church fathers." In seventeen chapters under such arresting titles as "City of God and World Society," "Renaissance Idealism and Utopianism," "Humanitarianism and Liberty," and "Economic Idealism in the Industrial Era," to name only a few, Dr. McNeill, Professor of the History of European Christianity in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, presents a brilliant and thrilling review of the stream of Christian utopian thought throughout the centuries.

Beginning with the fantastic eschatological and apocalyptical dreams of primitive Christianity, the author traces the growth and development of Christian theocratic aspiration, which has found its classical formula in "the kingdom of God," through the changing experiences of the new religious community; he demonstrates how the Christian hope for the consummation of the rule of God and his Christ acquired new content and assumed new significance with every major change that befell the church-society as it struggled upward from its status of a persecuted minority to that of a state religion and dominating cultural power.

This characteristic trend of Christian utopian thinking, deriving new and powerful impetus from such a work of the early Christian era as the great Augustine's *City of God* and facing increasingly difficult problems with the disintegration of the Roman Empire and the subsequent reconstruction of European society during the Middle Ages, is here at every emergence into literary and devotional expression brought into rela-

tion to the prevailing thought-patterns of the day. How the Christian dream of a perfect world-order was influenced by classical thought as deposited in Platonism and Stoicism, how it bore the impact of the centuries of scholasticism and feudalism, how it reacted to the new liberty of the inquiring spirit during the great awakening of the Renaissance, how finally it adapted itself to, as well as impressed itself upon, the modern scene of industrialism and capitalism, and how all these changes and variations of the original concept were expressed in the writings of churchmen from Augustine down to our own Niebuhr, to Barth, and other contemporary prophets and thinkers is the profoundly interesting panorama that unfolds itself in these pages.

Throughout, the "Christian hope" is revealed as one of the most challenging human themes upon which the great Christian thinkers have exercised their gifts of insight and vision.

The book makes fascinating reading and is an immense storehouse of valuable information. The author develops his theme with scientific accuracy, scholarly organization of material, and wise and discriminating interpretations. Not of least value is the comprehensive "Bibliography of Modern Works" appended to the final chapter. This book is particularly recommended for companion reading with the recently published *The Kingdom of God and History,* in which seven contemporary authors, speaking for Catholic and Protestant points of view, discuss the relation of the classical Christian concept of the Kingdom of God to the course and ultimate goal of human history.

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY

Treasures of Jewish Literature

THE JEWISH CARAVAN: GREAT STORIES OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES. *Selected and Edited by Leo W. Schwarz. New York: Farrar and Rinehart.*

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF JEWISH LITERATURE. *Selected and Edited by Leo W. Schwarz. Illustrations by Lionel S. Reiss. New York: Farrar and Rinehart.*

Leo W. Schwarz, the editor of these two handsome volumes, belongs to a group of young writers who have been associated with the *Menorah Journal* and the Menorah Movement, headed by Henry Hurwitz. Harry Wolfson, Professor of Semitics at Harvard, and authority on Chasdai Crescas and Spinoza, is one of the luminaries of the Menorah, now over thirty years old since its inception at Harvard. Horace M. Kallen, of the New School for Social Research, is another. Marvin Loewnthal, author of *A World Passed By, Montaigne's Autobiography, Glueckel von Hameln* and other notable works, is still another Menorah light, whose first prize-winning essay on a Jewish theme can be found in an issue of the *Menorah Journal* two decades ago.

Leo Schwarz is not a rabbi, but a lay devotee of Jewish culture and ideals. He has been associated with the Westchester Experiment in Jewish education, of which Mr. and Mrs. Hurwitz (Ruth Sapinsky) have been the leaders. He is a lecturer, writer, and editor, and the two compilations which he has assembled have given him front rank among the productive Jewish scholars of our day. A compiler and editor is no less a creative artist than a writer himself, for next to telling a good story, a raconteur can do nothing better than to remember and repeat a delightful tale he has heard. So it is with the anthologist, who must have an eye for the material which is germane to his theme, and which deserves perpetuity in the amber of a *Caravan* or a *Golden Treasury.* (Palgrave himself, let it be remembered, was of Jewish origin.)

There is an original, picturesque, and artistic touch in the manner and method with which Mr. Schwarz has illumined his material. For throughout these two great volumes clearly runs the intelligence, the skill in selection, and the wisdom in arranging, which mark the compiler at his best. The Preface, Introduction, and Notes, with which Mr. Schwarz has bedecked his volumes, are gems in themselves. They display a catholicity of knowledge and taste; they evince superb literary gifts on the part of their author; they give continuity and organic strength to the various portions which the compiler has gathered into a whole. To quote his own words:

> *The Jewish Caravan* is a selection of stories and narratives written by Jewish writers who felt the need of expressing themselves as Jews and of recording Jewish life not only for the cultivated few, but, perhaps primarily, for the people, and it is arranged to mirror the social and cultural growth of the Jewish people.

It was in this very spirit that the Bible itself was written. It was thus that the literary masterpieces of Israel, consciously written, or a by-product of thought and experience on the part of the Jewish masses, came into being. It is important to rescue great works, sometimes lengthy, sometimes brief, from the fleeting form in which they may have incorporated themselves. Many a valiant piece has been born to bloom unseen by the eye of multitudes, until brought to the attention of posterity by the scrutiny and appreciation of the compiler. It was in this way that the Talmudic and Aggadic literature was assembled; it was thus, also, that the Hasidic tales were brought within the compass of well-printed tomes, after having led a precarious existence in *Flug-Schriften,* printed on cheap paper, insecurely bound, and otherwise unequipped to battle for survival. Many stories in the *Caravan* and many beautiful and moving items in the *Treasury* would have gone the way of other lost masterpieces in the literary annals of Israel, had they not been given a conspicuous place through the art of the compiler. Our gratitude goes out to him for this triumph of literary archaeology.

The non-Jewish and the Jewish reader as well must marvel at the scope of the material in the two books. Here is no lament over anti-Semitism, no enforced yielding before the oppressor. There is only courage, hope, piety, vitality, and high resolution, bound within the very interstices of the books. Twenty-five centuries look down upon the reader, and the reader feels very small and humble in the presence of such literary pyramids. Here is the Soul, the Indwelling Presence of Israel, the People of the Book: the world of the "Beginnings," of "Torah Law and Legend," of "Medieval Times," of "Ghetto Lights and Shadows," of the "Modern World," with its "New Frontiers" for Jewry. And in the *Treasury,* we encounter "Our Native Land," the "Four Corners of the Earth," "Our Fathers that Begat Us," "Laughter through Tears," "Plays of a Changing World," "Ripe Pomegranates," and "The Well of Wisdom." Poets and seers, lawgivers and scribes, playwrights and critics, scientists and philosophers,—they are all here, the heroes and heroines of Israel's pantheon.

Lionel S. Reiss, the illustrator, whose recent volume, *My Models Were Jews,** is a work of unique distinction and beauty, has prepared illustrations for the *Golden Treasury*. The success of the *Jewish Caravan* led Farrar and Rinehart to commission Mr. Schwarz to prepare a second compilation, and the result has met every expectation. Coming to a world, in which the adversaries of the Jewish idea are blatantly and arrogantly misrepresenting everything which appertains to Israel, Mr. Schwarz' two volumes display again the imperishable vigor of the "People of the Book." It is not in vain that Leon Blum, twice Premier of France, has said: "The essence of Jewish thought lies in its gift for the ideal reconstruction of the world." The writings presented in the Schwarz anthologies constitute veritably a commentary upon this utterance. There is more yet to be offered to the reading public of Jews and non-Jews, and it is to be hoped that both the publisher and the compiler will not halt with the issuance of the *Golden Treasury*.

One of the finest items in the *Treasury* is the classic comment of Albert Einstein, writing on "The Jewish Religion."

> It is noteworthy that in the commandment to keep the Sabbath holy the animals were also expressly included—so strongly was felt as an ideal the demand for the solidarity of all living things. Far more strongly yet is expressed the demand for solidarity of all humankind; and it is not accident that the socialistic demands for the most part emanated from Jews. To how great an extent the consciousness of the sanctity of life is alive in the Jewish people is beautifully illustrated by a remark once made to me by Walter Rathenau: "When a Jew says he takes pleasure in the hunt, he lies." It is impossible to express more simply the consciousness of the sanctity and the unity of all life as it exists in the Jewish people.

Let those who are seeking to brutalize modern life by the use of the rubber truncheon, the concentration camp, and the bombardment of open cities, bathe in the Jordan River, as Elisha recommended to leprous Naaman, and be cleansed of their ailment. Leo Schwarz has shown us a "Jordan River" of literature, and it may well be that those who immerse themselves in its healing and life-giving waters will be reborn, if they but will it.

LOUIS I. NEWMAN.

*The Gordon Press, New York, 1938. Introduction written by Dr. John Haynes Holmes.

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The Field

(*Continued from page* 18)

We have had in this city a variety of groups working for the Cause of India, but such groups are not qualified to represent a nation. If India is a nation, and we consider her to be one, she should be represented in the United States in a manner consistent with the dignity of a nation. There should be established in this country a control agency for the distribution of information and news, to be, possibly, entitled "Unofficial Indian Legation"; for if India means to win her freedom in the non-violent way, she must work largely through public opinion in foreign countries. Furthermore, there should be placed at the head of this unofficial Legation a man chosen officially by India herself, to act as unofficial Minister; and my proposal is that this post should be accorded to one who is conceded to be India's foremost son in this country, Dr. Haridas T. Muzumdar.

It is certain that such an undertaking would cost a great deal of money—money which, unquestionably, cannot be raised here; but, what greater service could Indian patriots offer to their motherland than to provide her with an Unofficial Legation in the United States—a Legation which, if properly established and supported, would eventually become *the Official Indian Legation.*

This proposal was greeted with enthusiastic approval and it was unanimously voted that it be accepted as the sense of the meeting and forwarded as a resolution to the India National Congress.

MRS. LEWIS STUYVESANT CHANLER
Pres. The New History Society,
N. Y. City.

Bingo

Religion's in a dangerous way,
No longer people pay or pray;
Athletics we will try, 'tis said,
'Twill help to free us from the red.

And yet the people do not come,
Nor does it raise the fiscal sum.
A swimming pool let us now try
To wing men's souls to God on high.

But bathing lacks baptismal grace
To bring to church a pious face;
So now another ruse is sought,
By which attendance may be caught.

By jingo now we'll surely win,
For bingo sure will bring them in;
Still, brothers dear, you're off the track,
Real faith in God will bring them back!

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